

# Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 10.

## AUTUMN.

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year!  
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;  
And when the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

O what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.  
He shall hear the solemn hymn that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.

—Longfellow.

510 \* Tremont \* Temple  
Boston

## Home Mission Echoes

### Topics for Echoes, 1896.

JANUARY.  
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FEBRUARY.  
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DECEMBER.  
The Chinese in the United States.



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### HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

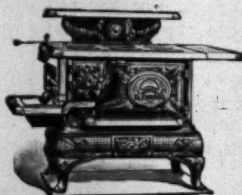
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Always  
Good

that's the  
whole story of the



# GLENWOOD

The Glenwood agent has them.

# Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever." — *Tommyson.*

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 10.

## The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

### Editorial.

THE school year has opened, and most of our teachers are now at their posts of duty. Very few changes occur in our corps of workers, as will be seen by referring to the last page of this paper. Miss Susan Harsh, who so acceptably filled the position as science teacher at Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va., two years ago, has accepted a similar position in Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga. Miss S. E. Owen, formerly of Allendale, will have charge of the school work at Beaufort, S. C., thus relieving Mrs. Mather. Miss — will fill the vacancy at Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. C. S. Brown will not enter the schoolroom this year, but Miss Lizzie Edmondson, a recent graduate of the school, will be supported by our Society at Water's Normal Institute, Winton, N. C.

The entire support of the school at Anadarko, Oklahoma Territory, will devolve upon our Society, and we need the prayerful interest of every Baptist woman in this work. Rev. D. Noble Crane, the superintendent, Miss —, the teacher, and Miss Mary Zollers, the matron, will all look to us for support and help. The furnishings, care of building, and the clothes of the children, must be supplied from New England. This school has no organ, no maps, blackboards, or charts. Cannot some one supply an organ for these Indian children, who dearly love music? We also want clothes for boys.

At the suggestion of Doctor Westrup, the work at Santa Rosa, Mexico, will be transferred to Montemorelos, Mexico, as there is a wider field of usefulness in the latter place. Mrs. Rose Anna Hartsock begins work among the French Canadians of New England this month. Mrs. Hartsock has had a rich experience in missionary work in Africa, and we hope she will be equally successful in this new field of labor. Miss St. James, our consecrated French missionary, resigned her connection in August. These are all the changes made in our list of workers. The salaries of our workers alone amount to about \$20,000. To this sum we must add the expense of the Alaska work, student teachers, some beneficiaries, furnishings and care of buildings. Last year we received from the churches only \$28,000. We are

having requests from some who are anxious to enter Cuba and establish schools. All our schools need extra furnishings, repairs, and industrial apparatus. The school year has just begun. We must not forget, however, that five months of the financial year have gone. While the women of our churches remember the obligations we have assumed, let them not forget the white fields in our beloved land calling for laborers, and secure from each circle increased contributions for our work.

### Matters of Interest About Mexico.

THE climate of the City of Mexico in mid-summer is delightful. This is partly due to the altitude of about 7,400 feet, and to the daily afternoon shower. Excessive heat is rare, and nights are cool.

The growth of the City of Mexico is very rapid, and it is estimated that within thirty years it will contain a population of one million. The present population is 329,774.

There are 21 cities in Mexico, ranging from 20,000 to 88,000 inhabitants; 28 cities from 10,000 to 20,000; and 106 cities from 5,000 to 10,000.

A Japanese colony, with the practical shrewdness characteristic of this people, have secured a large tract of land in the State of Chiapas, where they are cultivating coffee, cocoa, vanilla, and other tropical products. The production of vanilla in Mexico is estimated at \$1,100,000, annually.

WHEN was the first American missionary appointed by the American Baptist Home Mission Society for Mexico? Who was he? Where did he labor?

The first American missionary appointed in Mexico was Rev. W. L. Green, who went to Monterey in 1882. In 1883 Mr. Green was sent to the City of Mexico; in 1888 to San Luis Potosi; in 1890 to Chiapas; and in 1891 to Puebla.

When was the first organization, distinctively missionary in character, started in this country? By whom? Where?

In 1800, *fourteen women*, some Baptists and some Congregationalists, united to form "The Boston Female Society for Missionary Purposes," raising the first year \$150 for Home Missions. In Boston.

Query: Which is the parent society, that of the men or the women?

## Spanish Missions Near Home.

BY WARREN H. RISHEL.

AT this time, when our country and Spain are trying to settle political affairs in Cuba, and the attention of our Christian people is directed towards prospective mission work on that island, it may be well to remember that we have Spanish-speaking Catholics here in our own United States who are in deep spiritual darkness and need.

So far as I know there are few, if any, Baptist mission schools beside our own in this country for the Mexicans although other denominations have many schools.

"But," you say, "are there no free public schools for the Mexican people?" Yes, but many of these public schools are taught by Mexican Catholic teachers who have only a smattering of English, and are not educated well in Spanish. The schools are held but a few weeks, or two or three months at the longest, and much of this short time the teachers are off duty to attend Catholic feasts; or, if some relative is about to be married, they will spend a week seeing the preparations, feasts, and dances properly carried on.

Many of these Mexican children never attended school a day in their lives. Girls and boys, from fifteen to twenty years of age, come into school and begin with the little ones of six. But they cannot keep pace with the younger ones, as it is so much more difficult for them to learn. They all speak the Spanish language. What possible chance have they, under present conditions, to become intelligent citizens of our republic, with a common interest in our American institutions?

With our mission work we endeavor to teach the children patriotism, and I think the other missions do the same. To the Mexicans, in these secluded valleys, the United States flag is the sign for a saloon. Hence, there is a very low foundation upon which to build patriotism. But, without boasting, one can see a change for the better, in many ways, in the children who have attended our mission school. They have learned to love to read our Protestant Bible, in English and Spanish, and to recite verses from it.

Still there is a great work to be done with these people. The older ones are in the depths of ignorance and superstition, and, with few exceptions, live in filth and vice. They obey implicitly the commands of their leaders, the Catholic priests. Therefore it is surprising that so many as is the case allow their children to attend our school and services.

And what of the many who hold aloof from us? Had you been in San Juan, an Indian pueblo twelve miles from here, a few weeks ago, you might have witnessed scenes and services by Mexicans and Indians fit only for the dark ages.

Could you have seen these services and the accompanying feast of San Antonio, the saint who is supposed to bless the growing crops, you would have said with me that there is much mission work to be done right here in our own country, while we are stretching our hands to our neighbors in the tropic regions. And this is only one of the many services for the numerous idols or images that are worshipped here and carried in processions. To counteract this

idolatry the work must be done with the children. They must eventually see the difference between a mere formal, outward religion and personal obedience to Christ.

—From *Chicago Standard*.

*Echo Mission, Velarde, New Mex.*

MONTEMORELOS, MEXICO.—By request of my wife, who has so much to do she finds it difficult to write, I write to say that she is meeting with some success in gathering the little ones into a school under decidedly Christian influence. She cannot, with her housework and children, take charge of a large establishment; so she limits her teaching to small children, of which she has fourteen, and six of these are children of people professing no sympathy with our religious views. She thus gives almost daily some hours to teaching, and it takes a deal of patience,



MR. AND MRS. THOMAS WESTRUP.

but I know it will have its reward, as much previous work of hers has had. The general feeling towards her is one of reverence; not strange if we take into account her work of twenty-nine years in behalf of the children. She has no idea that I am saying this, but I feel that I must render to her this tribute.

She has a weekly Industrial School of about the same number—meeting every Wednesday afternoon, when her day school has a half-holiday. She then gives instruction in plain sewing, or in simple embroidering. The children are mostly very poor, and she has to meet every expense, besides teaching gratuitously. Barefooted and scantily clothed they come, and sometimes even hungry.

Small packages of paper, pens, pencils, remnants of muslin, etc., for aprons, handkerchiefs, needles, and similar helpful things can be sent by parcel post, if any one is disposed to help her.

Our church meetings and those in private houses are encouraging. Lately seven have been baptized on my field.

May all men know that we are disciples, by the love we bear one to another. May love more and more abound in knowledge and all judgment. Respectfully,

July 20, 1898.

THOS. M. WESTRUP.



**M**R. RISHEL has requested me to send this letter to you from our Mexican helper, Juan E. Arellano. He came into our school at Rinconada the second year we were there, and has been with us the two years at Velarde. We esteem him highly, as he is a steady, faithful worker with both hands and brain, and I believe he is very near the Kingdom. His father is a nice man, and often rides from Canoncito, eleven miles, to be at the mission service in Velarde at ten o'clock Sunday mornings. Juan is to be our helper again next year.

Atocha was with me only a few weeks last fall, during the fruit-drying season, as I thought it not wise to keep her. She is married now to a Mexican, and I am praying that God may make her a true, faithful, efficient wife.

Mr. Rishel and I are getting much stronger. I think the fever has entirely left me now, as it has not recurred for a week; but, oh, I was so tired when I came here. I trust all the difficulties and perplexities may be removed for you in your difficult work this year.

ELIZABETH K. RISHEL,  
928 Commercial St.,  
Emporia, Kan.

Aug. 1, 1898.

MY DEAR W. H. RISHEL: On acknowledging the receipt of your welcome letter of the 19th inst., I beg to assure you that I feel very much obliged by your writing and sending me a letter. My heart is full of joy and pleasure to know that you and Mrs. Rishel are well. My folks and I are well, thanks be to God. My father succeeded in selling your dried fruit, not all of it, but he is using the rest of it. Kitty, your horse, is over her lameness now. I am taking care of her here at home. She is getting fat and tame. The plants are growing nice here in Canoncito, but they are not down at Embudo Plaza and part of Rinconada, because a heavy rain of hail fell there a week ago.

My father and mother join in sending our kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Rishel. Sincerely your friend, J. E. A.

#### Raffle for Souls in Mexico.

REV. W. C. EVANS, D. D., formerly of Mexico City, and now of Stockton, Cal., has forwarded two papers printed in Spanish, which were circulated last fall in Mexico City by the Roman Catholic priests. They have been translated by Miss Carter and are as follows:

##### Paper No. 1.

##### NOTICE OF RAFFLE OF SOULS.

1. This raffle will take place in the Church of San Diego

on the 23d day of November at nine o'clock in the morning.

2. The first number which shall be taken will be rewarded by some solemn FUNERAL HONORS which will take place on the 25th day of November.

3. The nine following names will be rewarded with a mass recited in the last days of the month of November.

4. The eleventh number will be rewarded with the thirty masses called Saint Gregory, if a sufficient number congregate, and if not, with nine days' public worship of masses recited.

5. A mass sung for the souls written in the lists will be given.

6. The inscription in a single line is worth six cents.

7. All the votes which are cast in the Month of Souls will be offered for the deceased contained in these lists.

Mexico, September, 1897.

FR. ISIDORO MATA.

*Note.*—It is desired that the name and address of the deceased be given.

The thirty masses of Saint Gregory will be applied for a single soul; so that, if the eleventh paper contains more than one name, the other or others will be taken out until there is only one.

The observance of the Month of Souls will take place in this Church of San Diego every afternoon at five.

##### Paper No. 2.

##### RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

The 25th day at eight o'clock in the morning, in the Church of San Diego, there will

be observed some solemn Funeral Honors, which will be applied to the soul which has been favored with the first prize, which is

MANUEL PERNAS.

The nine following names, which are:

A. AMESTOY,	FRANCISCO NUNEZ,
LUCAS MARTINEZ,	MERCED MORALES,
DELROES S. DE LOPEZ,	J. G. ICAZBALCETA,
J. M. SILEUETA,	J. SIERRA,
and MARIA DE J. RAMIREZ	

have been rewarded with a mass recited for each one.

The eleventh number, which is

Luz LARBRANAGA DE ALCOCER,

has been rewarded with the masses called St. Gregory.

The 27th, at eight o'clock in the morning, these honors will be observed for all the souls which take part in these lists.

—Gospel in all Lands.

Mexico, November, 1897.



MEXICAN FAMILY.

## Mexico City.

**I**N March, Miss Jones opened a Sunday school in the house of one of our members living in Guadalupe, the most holy shrine in Mexico. The third Sunday as she was taking one of the small children home, to express it as she did, "We had a perfect scene. A woman who lives near has considered it her duty to warn children not to come. Last Sunday she followed me up the street, calling after me, finally undertook to take the child from me by force, actually took hold of the child, but I was too quick for her, and ordered her to take her hands off. Then seeing she could not get the child away from me, changed tactics, and undertook to convert me right in the street. She embraced, pleaded with me to leave the error of my ways; screamed, and took on, until we had the street full of people. Imagine the scene if you can. She wanted me to go home with her, but I did not have time. I promised to visit her on Tuesday, and she was going to call the padre to talk to me. I went—but she was not even in the village. A servant opened the door and said the woman was compelled to go to Mexico on urgent business. I am going to tell her that she can talk to me all she wishes, but that if she ever troubles the children again I will inform the authorities and seek police protection. I wish you could have seen it, for it was very funny.

"It was a pleasure to know that you felt as I do at this crisis in the history of our nation. I never knew what it was to be so glad, until this last month, that I was born and reared in the United States, and can look up at the glorious 'Stars and Stripes' and say 'my flag.'

"Not that I am rejoicing over the great victories, simply from the feeling of having vanquished an enemy, but because it seems that God has blessed our 'arms' to show a fanatical people that the nation, honoring Him above all, is the strong one. And that our country is exalted in the opinion of other nations by the courage of our men, and also the magnanimity of their leaders seems very evident, from newspaper articles, and from conversations to which I have listened here at the table, where, I am sure, the sentiments of the most intelligent Mexicans are expressed. Señor Casaus informed me the other day with a smile, that he thought God is a 'Protestant God,' because He had heard the prayers of the Americans and had not noticed those of the Queen of Spain and the Pope. (Perhaps I have told you before that Señor Casaus professes to believe that there is no God, and has a profound dislike for Catholicism.) He says Spain has fallen to her present state simply because of her religion, and that she can never rise any higher as long as her people are Catholics!

"He is so intelligent it grieves me to think he is not a Christian. I cannot help hoping and praying God will lead him to the light in spite of his pride of heart, for he has many noble characteristics; and he admires Gladstone so much, I hope he will come to know what Christianity had to do with Gladstone's greatness."

E. G. GOWEN.

## Leaders.



THE history of the Roman Catholic Church is stained with blood. The long, dark, sad past has pages black with persecutions, massacres, wars, woes, and sorrows of every description. Romanists claim their church to be *the* Bride of Christ, and that all other Christian believers are heretics; and, by Divine right of the church, are subject to persecution and torture and death. They claim their divine head to be the Pope, who is the vicar of Jesus Christ, and as God he is infallible, his actions perfect, his authority absolute, his will the law of God.

In the worship of the Roman Church the Virgin Mary is exalted above Jesus. She is called the "Queen of Heaven;" she is invoked to command her Son to visit us with His most holy-favor and mercy. In every land where the Roman Catholic Church has held sway, the people have been deprived of civil and religious liberty; they have ceased to develop in civilization; and ignorance, superstition, mental and moral darkness have bound them in error's chains.

In this little picture the sword of Romanism, which is dripping with the blood of the martyrs, and embellished with the pontifical hat and the rosary, is broken by the sceptre of Christianity and the sword of the Spirit.

In my meetings for fallen men a few weeks ago, there was a poor broken man who was educated in youth for a Romish priest. He finally officiated in the priest's office, but ultimately was led to renounce the Catholic Church. He fell, through drink, until he was homeless, friendless, and penniless. He came to our meetings and yielded himself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and his testimony revealed his past life of sorrow and dissipation, but it also revealed the fact that he was a man of culture. A few days after his conversion he wrote for me the little poem entitled:

## NONE BUT JESUS.

Shall I trust my soul's salvation  
To a fellow-creature's care?  
Can a priest, a saint, or angel  
Save me in my dark despair?  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,  
Hears a contrite sinner's prayer.

Do I need a Mediator,  
Other than the Son of God?  
Can the Virgin Mary help me?  
Jesus shed for me His blood.  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
Intercedes for me with God.


Can the sacramental symbols,  
Emblems of a Saviour's love—  
Can these satisfy the longings,  
Of a soul born from above?  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
Food for fainting souls can prove.

Is there aught of praise or merit  
Due to works my hands have done?  
Can a life of tears and penance,  
For a single sin atone?  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,  
He must save, and He alone.

(Henry K—.)

—Robert F. Y. Pierce in *The Baptist Union*.


## The Ideal Member of a Missionary Society.

N the first place, this Mrs. Ideal is a very busy woman. She looketh well to the ways of her household. Her children are the objects of her tenderest care and sympathy. Her ministrations reach out to the poor, the sick, the lonely ones. We often wonder how she accomplishes so much, but she has let a few of us into her secret. It is hard for her to attend the meetings. Many would say they were tied at home. But she says a great deal can be done by a little careful planning; that things must have system, and by hurrying up this piece of work and putting off that, she finds on the afternoon of the meeting that she is free to go. She makes a great deal of planning her work ahead. At the meeting she has a cheerful word for everybody, takes her part willingly and promptly, generally has some interesting item of church news to tell, and shows by word and look that it is a pleasure for her to be there. She was always at "our last meeting" and expects to be at the next.

In the meantime she thinks over the subject, reads up the woman's missionary periodicals, loans it to a neighbor, tells her friend what a helpful meeting the last one was, invites her to the next, conscientiously looks after her tenth, and most helpful of all, she lays the whole matter before the Lord in prayer. She has been known to kneel down in prayer before going to the meeting, and then pray all the way there, while there, and all the way home again. She has great faith in prayer. She says the way to make public praying easy, is to do a great deal of private praying. But this woman has some queer ideas. She says the daily cares and worries that come to her as a housewife and mother, instead of narrowing and cramping her mind, as is generally supposed to be the case, only serve to broaden her views and enlarge her sympathies. This certainly is very queer; but this is the way she explains it: She says at night, when she bathes her children and puts them to bed all sweet and clean, she thinks of the 50,000 orphaned Armenian children for whom there is no such loving care, and her heart is moved to pity, and she prays the dear Father in heaven to hear the orphan's cry, and to send them help in this awful time of need. Many times a day she allows her ordinary duties to call up high and noble thoughts, and thus bring a blessing to her. She says some days her duties are so many and varied, that by nightfall she has been over most of the world in heart and mind.

She cannot imagine any circumstance that would keep her from being interested and even helpful in the cause of missions, because if one's hands are tied it is impossible to bind the mind and soul, and so she expects always to be able for something. She can at least—and nothing is greater—pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust out laborers into His harvest. These, dear friends, are some of the characteristics of the ideal member. She seems different from some of us, doesn't she? Does she belong to your society? Are you on intimate terms with her? Have you noticed that all these characteristics are simple in themselves—that each goes towards the making of a helpful Christian life? Are they not worthy of imitation?—*Exchange.*

## Special Objects.

HE door opened, and a sweet young face looked in upon me, a face that I dearly love to see.

"Auntie sent me," she began. "You know about the Cubans starving," and she unfolded a polychrome paper. "Auntie would like you to read this."

"I know about it," I said.

"Well, Auntie thought we could get up a supper and an entertainment and do something for them. And she would like to have you read this in Sabbath school. (I had presented the cause of the Armenian orphans a few Sabbaths before.) Isn't this just as worthy a cause as any?"

I do not know why she asked the question, but I answered:

"It is a worthy cause. But we have our own work that God has given us to do, and we're not doing that. Our missionaries' salaries are cut down, and the aid that we have been giving to the native Christian helpers is being withheld, the cause is suffering, and people are suffering because of it. What we sent for the Armenian orphans and for India went through our missionaries, and so helped in our own work. There are plenty of people who would never do anything through the churches who will give for the starving Cubans. If we help every other worthy cause that comes along and leave our own work undone, it is as though a woman should leave her own children to starve while she went off to feed other hungry ones."

"You mean it's because the Cubans are not Christians and these others are?"

"No, not that. It is only that God has put this work into our hands, and if we don't do it it will not be done."

"Well, I'll tell Auntie what you say." She took her paper with her, and I heard no more about the supper and entertainment.

Some time after I was in my friend's home, and she referred to the matter.

"The girls had to give to the Cubans."

"That's all right," I interpolated.

"Susie said you thought because the others were Christians—"

"No," I interrupted, and then went on to make another desperate but useless attempt to explain why funds and interest should not be diverted into other channels to the detriment of our own special work. Now this "Auntie" is a church-member, but she knows next to nothing about church work. She is liberal, and always willing to give when you ask her, but she has no active, intelligent interest in our denominational benevolences.

This ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone.—*Adapted.*

## Needs.

The superintendent of our literature mission, Mrs. Eva Howlett, of Wakefield, Mass., wishes us to place before our readers the needs of this department of our work: Books for pastors and Sunday schools; also hymn books, Sunday school papers and tracts in Italian, Chinese and Swedish languages as well as the English are most needed.



## American Baptist Home Mission Society.

### Editorial.



RE you making your plans to go to the anniversaries at San Francisco next May? It is well to begin early to think about the trip and to talk it up.

Perhaps some who can afford the time and the money will want to make an excursion to Hawaii.

Very likely representatives of the First Baptist Church of Honolulu will be at the May meetings in San Francisco in 1898. Information reaches us that among emigrants from the Pacific coast to Hawaii there are several Baptist families, and more are going. For these, as well as for the Japanese and others there, we shall need to send one or more capable missionaries soon.

The first railway coaches for use in Alaska were shipped from Seattle in August. The cars are for the White Pass and Yukon Railway, which was then in operation for a distance of twelve miles from Skaguay. It will not be long before one can make an expeditious pleasure trip to the Klondike.

It is said that the wardrobe of the Virgin del Sagrario, at Toledo, Spain, is unrivalled by the toilet of the most extravagant queens of the world. Her mantor for gala days is entirely of silver and gold, with 78,000 pearls embroidered on it, while the diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, that embellish it are also very numerous. Her imperial crown, dating from the sixteenth century, cost \$25,000 in gold and workmanship, not counting the glittering jewels on it. Her bracelets cost \$10,000. For her there are landed estates, whose revenue goes to the maintenance of this pageantry. And all this at the end of the nineteenth century!

THE Papacy is in great trepidation, lest in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands it shall not only cease to be the dominating and tyrannical power as in the past, but, also, lest by the vicissitudes of war, and a change of government, the Vatican may be financially a heavy loser. It is stated that the Vatican holds \$60,000,000 in Cuban bonds, which were given to it by Spain in exchange for church lands surrendered to the Spanish government, and disposed of by it to settlers, or held for its own uses. High ecclesiastics of the Romish Church are very active at Washington to save what they can from the wreck of Spanish-papal hopes in Cuba. Probably the Church never

honestly obtained these enormous holdings originally, and it would, therefore, only be simple justice were they now to suffer their loss. In any event the people of the United States are in no mood to guarantee the Papacy against such losses; especially if the guarantee involves either the United States or the impoverished Cubans in taxation for the payment of these bonds. Let the matter be settled by the Spanish government and the Vatican, sad bedfellows in misery, resulting from their own high-handed and heartless measures for three hundred years.

### Progressive Mexico.

MEXICO has nearly 7,000 miles of railway in operation. Twenty years ago there was but one railway, that from Vera Cruz to the capital, 263 miles.

The latest government statistics show a population of 12,619,949 in the Republic.

Chihuahua has a steam laundry. Those who have seen the ordinary Mexican washing, will appreciate the great advance on the old method.

The average amount of crude rubber imported by the United States from Mexico for the three years prior to 1897, was 133,000 pounds per annum; while last year it increased to more than a million pounds. Hundreds of thousands of rubber-trees are being planted on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec every year, and the Mexican product bids fair to increase rapidly.

Mexico has imported all its salt; but now salt of a good quality has been found at Cameron, about 125 miles north of Monterey, and a company has been organized for its manufacture for domestic uses.

The value of the corn crop for the year ending June 30, 1896, was \$77,000,000; and of beans, which are the staple food of the common people, over \$19,000,000.

The large wheat farms of Mexico equal those of the Dakotas. One of these "haciendas" contains 10,000 acres, or about 16 square miles. During the period of harvest, 2,500 men and 2,000 oxen are employed. The workmen on this farm constitute a village by themselves, with stores, churches, street railroads, etc.

There are 1,532 post-offices in the Republic; 61 new offices being opened last year.

A company has been organized to light the city of Guanajato by electricity, 1,000 lights to be used for this



purpose. The American Baptist Home Mission Society is engaged in giving Mexico what she needs more, the light of life, to dispel the dense darkness of error, superstition and idolatry that so long has enshrouded the land.

There are 531 periodicals, of which 48 are daily newspapers, 223 weeklies, and 92 monthlies. Seven are printed in English, two in French, and one in German.

Mexico City is to have electric traction, the contract for this purpose having been awarded to the General Electric Company, of Schenectady, New York.

The latest educational statistics show 11,512 schools, of which 5,852 are maintained by the States, 3,212 by cities, while 2,442 are private schools. Of these, 6,027 are for males, 3,104 for females, and 2,381 mixed schools. The attendance was 490,746, and the amount appropriated for their support nearly five and one-half million dollars. In many cities free night schools are maintained for the working classes. In the progressive State of Nuevo Leon, where our Baptist Home Mission work has attained good proportions, there are 399 schools served by 790 instructors.

### The New Era for Mexico.

By REV. H. L. MOREHOUSE, D. D.

MEXICO has entered upon a new political era. Until recently, Mexicans were as men who dream of unrealities and impossibilities; knowing nothing of civic life, nothing of national spirit, national manhood, national self-respect. They knew only the despotic rule of the Spaniard, by the Spaniard, for the Spaniard. The Spaniard filled all places of honor and emolument: excluded natives from participation in governmental affairs; and degrading men of mark to peons, stamped out political ambition and hope. Everywhere, whether in Mexico or Cuba, Spain has fattened on the blood of her dependencies.

Noble souls, however, bided God's time for action. Early in this century it came. The spirit of freedom was in the air. Spain herself was weak and bleeding under Napoleon's Titanic blows. The first bugle blast for freedom brought to Hidalgo's standard a hundred thousand men. The monarchical spirit in church and State arrayed their potent forces against the independents. Now began the battle royal, the gigantic duel between the spirit of human progress and its powerful antagonist, the mediæval hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church. The Inquisition denounced patriot leaders and doomed them to death. Prelates and the hosts of religious orders, with their enormous wealth, were a solid phalanx against the Republic, which seemed like David contending against Goliath. At every stage of its development they fought it the more fiercely—by secret conspiracies, by open combinations, by

plots for European intervention, by active enlistment of the pope in their behalf, by anathematizing supporters of the Republic, by every method that priestly cunning could devise. The intensity, extent, and duration of the Republic's great struggle against its mighty foe is one of the most interesting and significant chapters in modern history. For seventy years Rome has been the unrelenting enemy of the Mexican Republic; is its bitter enemy to-day; is not, and in the nature of things, cannot be the cordial friend of any Republic that guarantees rights of conscience and religious liberty to mankind. Rome is despotic; despotish and democracy are eternally antagonistic.

The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Though at times Rome was in the saddle, and the Republic a mendicant wanderer, though now she drove it almost into the Gulf of Mexico and again almost across the Rio Grande, though she exulted when the Catholic Emperor set foot in her capital, while Juarez was a hunted fugitive—nevertheless, the Republic triumphed, and having received no mercy, and expecting none at the hands of Rome, smote the giant hip and thigh; confiscated \$300,000,000 of ecclesiastical property; cut off \$20,000,000 yearly revenues of the Church abolished convents and monasteries; ran the ploughshare of public thoroughfares through enormous monasteries; banished the papal legate and an archbishop; prohibited the priesthood from participation in the trial of civil causes, and from the exercise of the right of suffrage; reduced their revenue by requiring the marriage ceremony to be performed only by civil magistrates; prohibited religious processions and the wearing of clerical garbs on the streets; and in 1873, adopted this ringing amendment to the Constitution that stripped Rome of her old prerogatives and privileges: "The State and the Church are independent of each other. The Congress may not pass laws establishing or prohibiting any religion."

Nor was this all. The bolts of Divine vengeance fell on the chief papal conspirators against the Republic; on the Mexican schemer Miramon; on the Emperor Maximilian, executed at Queretaro; three years later on Napoleon and on Pope Pius IX., who drank to the dregs the bitter cup they had pressed to Mexico's lips, as the one at Sedan was the humiliated captive of Protestant Germany, the other in Rome, subject and self-confessed "prisoner" of triumphant Victor Emanuel and emancipated Italy. The curtain fell on the great tragedy with cultured Carlotta, a demented widow at Miramar, and the French Empress, a fugitive from the French Republic to abhorred Protestant England, in her widowhood at Chiselhurst, mourning over the extinction of Napoleonic hopes in her son's tragic death at the hand of African Zulus. Thus vanished the imperial



PRESIDENT DIAZ

vision of Latin-Papal supremacy in Mexico; thus ended forever the temporal power of the Papacy on this planet.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
Yet they grind exceeding small,  
Though in patience stands He waiting,  
With exactness grinds He all."

Their sun has set — has set to rise no more. For Mexico, however, never was the day so bright as now. The frail ship of State, that for years was buffeted by hurricane, and boarded by buccaneers, was at length blessed by Divine Providence, in the gift of her magnificent Indian pilot, Benito Juarez, who for fifteen years sagaciously and heroically stood at the wheel until after the monarchical craft went to the bottom of the sea; and blessed also since with the wise administration of its liberal-minded, cultured, progressive president, Porfirio Diaz. The Republic, similar to our own, as a congeries of autonomous States, with a Supreme general government, is more compact and stable than ever before; is in the hands of the growing Liberal party; is tied together as never before by its railway and telegraph systems which enable the government quickly to concentrate troops for the suppression of rebellion, should it arise; maintains law and order; affords civil protection when needed to Christian missionaries; and is hospitable to modern principles that lie at the foundation of national greatness. Mexico is an established fact and factor in the world's family of nations. Her people are awakening to a lively appreciation of their rights, privileges, duties, responsibilities and opportunities, to the conscious dignity of citizenship in a great and progressive nation.

Mexico has emerged from mediæval gloom into the sunlight of the nineteenth century; the body politic, to its very extremities, is tingling with a new life; and though the tethered Roman tiger glares and growls at its master, fear not, for be assured revolutions do not go backward either north or south of the Rio Grande. Papal domination, still a dream with some, on this continent has met its doom. The doors of opportunity for evangelical Christianity to enter are wide open, and upon American Christians rests the responsibility for the possession of that land for Christ.

### Interesting Story of Mr. Sloan's Conversion.



SOON after the acquisition of New Mexico by the United States, the American Baptist Home Mission Society sent missionaries to that Territory. Among these was Rev. Samuel Gorman. The work was hard, and comparatively unproductive, and yet one youth, who was thereby led to Christ, has been worth to the Kingdom many times more than the outlay; indeed, the influence of his life and labors is of incalculable value. In response to our request, Rev. W. H. Sloan, now missionary to Mexico, has given the following account of the way in which he was led to Christ, through the instrumentality of Mr. Gorman:

"During my boyhood I was in New Mexico twice, in 1853-6 and 1860-1. During the first term, I lived with my mother and sister in Albuquerque (with short intervals in other places), and I went to school to Rev. Mr. Read, since

deceased in El Paso. In 1860 we lived in Santa Fé, and after I had attended for some months the 'Christian Brothers' Catholic school, I learned that Mr. Gorman, a Baptist missionary in Santa Fé, had opened a school in connection with his work, I was seventeen years old at the time, and my chief interest in life was to play marbles with the Mexican boys, or wander away over the sand-hills to the north of the town, and hunt for the pine-nuts that grew on the trees. I had had very little schooling, owing to the somewhat roving habits of the family, and was entirely ignorant of churches or Sunday schools, having had but the briefest experience in Catholic teachings. I went to Mr. Gorman, and he gladly gave me a place in the school, among the twenty-five or thirty large boys and girls who daily went there to study. The teacher, probably, never paid much attention to me, although I became an intimate friend of his son James, and acquired the habit, unpleasant to him, of 'spelling down' the class every day. On Sundays I attended church and Sunday school, and received there, probably, my first religious impressions. The Baptists owned a church building in Santa Fé at that time, and the attendance at services was good, and the preaching interesting. On one occasion, our school gave an exhibition in the church, in 1861, and this was my first introduction to the public, the exercises, of course, being in English, though I had a Spanish piece to declaim (translated for me by Mr. Gorman). My small intellect was somewhat aroused that day, and I began to study with more avidity. One day Mr. Gorman invited me into his study, and made me a present of a Spanish Bible and Testament. He talked to me about the interests of my soul, and his words created a deep impression. It was the first time that any one had said anything personal to me on the subject of religion, and I think I promised that I would consider the matter. Soon after that we returned to the 'States,' when I entered upon an apprenticeship in the printing business, and Mr. Gorman's words and influence seemed to pass from my mind.

"In 1863 I enlisted in the army, and among the belongings placed in my knapsack, was the Spanish Testament that had been given me two years before. I think I took it along that its perusal might aid me in the study of Spanish, rather than from any desire to know the truth as it is in Christ; but the Lord settled the matter for me, and at Fort Riley, in Kansas, I was brought to the Saviour through the reading of that little book. Probably Mr. Gorman never dreamed, as I certainly did not, that this present, given that day as he probably gave hundreds of others, would change the purposes and aims of a life, but so it was. My early experiences in New Mexico with the Mexicans, my attendance at Mr. Gorman's school, and, above all, the careful and prayerful reading of the Testament gave me, probably made me, twenty years later, a missionary to Spanish-speaking people. The work has been a constant joy, and my hope has been, that I, too, might be instrumental in bringing to Christ some soul that in turn would carry forward the message of salvation after these poor and feeble lips are silent."

WM. H. SLOAN.

City of Mexico, August, 1898.

## Another Worker for Mexico.

FOR a long time we have looked for a suitable man as assistant to Rev. W. H. Sloan in his manifold work in the City of Mexico. It is believed that he has been given us in the person of Rev. J. T. McGovern, who was appointed by the Home Mission Society, and reached his field about the middle of July. He is of Scotch-Irish parentage, was born in California, and being a Roman Catholic pursued his studies in preparation for the ministry at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. There most disquieting doubts arose concerning the doctrines of transubstantiation, sacramental regeneration, Papal infallibility, etc. Studying the New Testament he was compelled to renounce Romanism, and finding himself in accord with Baptist views, united about a year ago with the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of New York City, after which he spent several months at Crozer Theological Seminary. Doctors Faunce, Weston, and others warmly commended him. His wife, also a convert to Baptist views, has had a good education, including training as a professional nurse, and is heartily in sympathy with her husband in the desire to rescue Romanists from the error of their ways.

*La Luz*, of July 21st, the paper edited by Brother Sloan, states that on Sunday night, July 17th, in the Baptist church in the City of Mexico, Brother McGovern gave a relation of his Christian experience, and the great change in passing from darkness into the light of the Gospel. It made a profound impression upon the large audience, who gave our brother a most cordial greeting at the conclusion of his address. Other things being equal, one who has been emancipated from Romish bondage is the most effective instrumentality for the liberation of others. It is believed that our brother will become such an instrument whom God will greatly bless in the conversion of the Mexican people.

## Growth at New Laredo.

REV. J. F. KIMBALL, of New Laredo, writes: "Night before last (May 25th) we organized a church of fourteen members in Laredo, Texas. On this occasion the house was crowded to overflowing. One week ago last Sunday night I baptized seven,—six Mexicans and one negro,—in Cotalla, Texas, a town about sixty miles from this place, on the G. N. & I. R. R. I did some work among the Mexicans in that town twelve years ago, and always in passing there I have had to do some preaching for them. Our cause in Colombia is moving along slowly, but I think that the way is opening for an advance. From my point of view, the work all around is hopeful, and I feel very much encouraged.

"We now have plenty of brick made for our new church edifice at Laredo, and expect to begin building operations soon."

## Our Responsibility for Refugees from Cuba.

THERE is no question in the minds of those who know the situation, but that God intends that the cruelty which has driven these people to this Christian land, shall be the means through which His kingdom shall be advanced. Many of them recognize the power of Christianity in this country. In a large public roomful of Cubans who were lately talking together of the situation, one said, taking up a Spanish Bible from a table, on which it had been placed by a missionary, "I am sorry to say I do not know much of this Book, but I have been here long enough to see that the prosperity of the United States lies in an open Bible." Many are willing, nay eager, to hear and read the Word of God. A man who listened one Sabbath lately to a simple exposition of a Sabbath school lesson, went at its close to



CHURCH AT GAUDALOUPE.

its leader, and said, "Why, we have never heard anything like that before! Will you not give us a Bible that we may read it over again?" Said another, "I left the graves of my dear wife and children in Cuba. I lost all my possessions, and escaped to this country a ruined and heartbroken man. But through study of the Bible I have learned to know Jesus Christ, and all my sorrows seem as nothing, since they have led me to Him."—*The Christian Intelligencer*.

THE Central Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, including Mexico City, Vera Cruz, and surrounding regions, report 2,195 members, 2,241 probationers, and 2,656 Sunday school scholars. In this Conference there are nine American laborers, and about twice as many native laborers. They sustain a flourishing school at Puebla, and publish a paper at the City of Mexico.

"LIFE were not worth the living  
If no one were the better  
For having met thee on the way,  
And known the sunshine of thy stay.  
Give as thy God is giving;  
To no one be a debtor!  
So hearts shall faster beat for thee,  
And faces beam thy light to see."

## Other New Possessions.

**W**E are making history in this year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, with surprising rapidity. It will be a most memorable year in American annals; memorable for the remarkable victories achieved by the forces of the United States; memorable, also, for the acquisition of insular territories, and the extension to them of the blessings of the best civilization the world has ever seen.

Hardly had the echoes of rejoicing over the annexation of Hawaii died away, before there came the announcement that Spain had acceded to the terms of peace laid down by the United States, whereby she relinquishes her sovereignty and title to Cuba, and is to cede Porto Rico to the United States. The latter country, therefore, becomes our new possession on the east, as Hawaii on the west. Both are Home Mission fields. An archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church scoffs at the idea of Protestant bodies sending missionaries to Cuba and Porto Rico, where nearly the whole population is connected with the Roman Catholic Church. But those who know the almost heathenish degeneration of the masses in these countries, as well as in Mexico, know that their great need, both for the ennoblement of individual character, and for the establishment of republican institutions, is the Gospel and the open Bible and the evangelical Christian Church. And who will give them the truth if we do not? Has not the Providence of God thrown upon our hands the people of these countries, thus imposing upon us obligations to teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly? Unquestionably full religious liberty will prevail in Porto Rico, so that the people will be accessible to the missionary, as never before in the history of the island.

Cuba must also be considered. In all probability, not many years will pass before it, too, will become a part of our Territory. Mission work there ought not to lag. In these stirring times, when we "hear the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees," the hosts of the Church Militant should "bestir" themselves for an aggressive advance movement upon the weakened forces of their adversaries, and so, emulating the dash and courage and consecration of our military heroes, win glorious victories for Christ.

Brazil was discovered by Vincent Pinzon, in January, 1500. It was first called Terra de Santa Cruz, or land of the Holy Cross, but got its present name from a red Brazil wood found there in abundance. The country of Brazil lies to a great extent in the tropics, being from five degrees north of the equator to thirty-three degrees south. It is larger than the United States by over a quarter of a million square miles. There are only twenty States in Brazil, but some of these are very large.—*Foreign Mission Journal*.

How easily we lose poise, swept by the currents of life! Our root is not deep enough. Consider the lily resting on the face of the waters, its roots far below. How serene it rides the ripples, and how confidently it has sought the light, that its life may expand therein, above the turbulence of the waves!—*Trinities and Sanctities*.

## Conditions not Ideal.



**CHURCH** conditions among the people of the Philippine Islands are not ideal. By the laws of the islands everybody is Roman Catholic. No other church services of any kind are allowed. There are church buildings in every town and the churches are the finest buildings as a rule in the town. The Roman Catholic cathedral is the finest edifice in the city of Manila. It is under the care of the Jesuits, as are many of the churches on the islands. It was twelve years in building, and cost \$1,000,000. The very finest and hardest woods in the Philippines were used for the finishing, and the structure is of a bluish tint marble. There are exquisite carvings, some of which have recently been made. The education of the young on the island is in the care of the church authorities. There are no endowed schools and no hospitals. The children go in school only one hour per day for two days each week, and study almost nothing save church history and a few prayers. Writing is not taught, and reading is taught only in the upper classes.

All news published is censored by the Archbishop of Luzon. The only newspaper in the Philippines is printed in Spanish, and everything in it has been approved by the archbishop.

All marriages have to be celebrated by the priests. Some time ago a marriage was performed between British subjects in the British legation, and so much trouble came from it that a battle well-nigh ensued. Cargoes in the harbors may not be unloaded on feast days except by permission from the priests, which permission has to be paid for. As feast days are rather more numerous than those that are not feast days, the fees are given as a regular thing, and the church becomes enriched. No music is permitted in the houses of the people after ten o'clock at night, unless by special permission from the priest, and this permission has also to be paid for.

The great institution of Manila is the lottery. This is drawn monthly, the prizes ranging from \$5 to \$80,000. It is managed by the public officials and by the archbishop, and \$200,000 each month is collected for the State and the church. It is from this lottery that Spain and the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines derive much of their enormous revenues.

Wages of male farm laborers are about five cents per day, and each man is required to pay an annual tax of from \$1.50 to \$25. Much of this tax goes to the church. The archbishop forbids the sale of farm products, but requires them to be simply exchanged. There is a tax for the benefit of the church on coconut-trees, on animals when killed for food, on shops, mills, and oil presses, and a particularly high tax on cock-fights, which are the national pastime of the people.—*The Voice*.

A LARGE flag is wanted for one of our schoolhouses. The teacher and pupils are very anxious for it. Any person having such a flag please correspond with the editor.



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY  
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

## Our Girls.

### God Wants the Girls.

GOD wants the happy-hearted girls,  
The loving girls, the best of girls,  
The worst of girls.  
God wants to make the girls his pearls,  
And so reflect his holy face,  
And bring to mind his wondrous grace,  
That beautiful the world may be,  
And filled with love and purity—  
God wants the girls.—*Ex.*



MARIA.

We are greatly indebted to our former teacher, Miss Gowen, for the above picture and for the accompanying sketch.

### Maria's Story.

SEVERAL years ago, from a Southern city went a kind Christian gentleman and his wife to carry the *Good News* to Mexico.

Over among the rugged mountains, and in the beautiful city of Guadalajara, they took up their abode,—he to preach God's word, and she to open a school for the children.

This gentleman, in his visiting, found one poor, hard-working mother, with several children. One, a bright young girl, he wanted to attend her school; but as she was so helpful in the care of the younger children, and they so poor, it was some time ere she was able to go. Finally, however, she commenced her school life, which she loved so well that in four months she could read quite nicely.

In a year or so her people moved to Mexico City, but

this kind missionary persuaded her father to allow Maria to remain with them in their home, which she did for nearly three years.

At this time, these people returned to the States for a little rest, and Maria was to go to her parents; but God sent another—a sweet daughter of Virginia—there, who loved the little girl and kept her some two years. This lady taught her our own language, so she speaks it very nicely. This lady's health failed, and she returned home, hoping to go again to Mexico, and Maria went to Mexico City, where her father was employed as janitor in the Methodist Mission. Her first friends in Guadalajara were Baptists, so she found her way to the Baptist church.

The summer she was fifteen, Mr. Steelman lead her into the waters, where she was buried with Christ in baptism.

In September of that year, I went to Mexico City, and saw Maria several times, not knowing she spoke English, and said *Buenas Noches* and *Buenos Dias*, saluting her after their custom for two weeks in this manner, being unable to converse in their language.

One Wednesday evening after service, she came up and put her arm around me, and very sweetly said in English: "What is your name?"

From then till now we have been close friends.

In writing to me not long since, she said she wanted to be a "faithful follower of Jesus in her every step all her days."

She has always been very helpful in the Mission. This same man is sending her one year to their boarding school in Saltillo, for we have no such place ourselves.

She is bright and cheery, although many trials have come to her in her family life.

She longs for my return, and nothing would be pleasanter than to go again to her country to work with her for our Saviour, where he has been so misrepresented by the priesthood for near three hundred years.

ELMA GRACE GOWEN.

MEXICO is a republic of twenty-seven states, a federal district, and two territories. It has a total area of seven hundred and sixty-seven thousand square miles, and a population of about twelve and a half millions. Of these one-fifth are white, two-fifths Indian, and two-fifths of mixed blood. The Spanish language is generally spoken, and Roman Catholicism is the prevailing religion.



## Our Little folks.

### Apple-Time.

SHOWER-time, flower-time, earth is new and fair;  
 May-time, hay-time, blossoms everywhere;  
 Nest-time, best-time, days have longer grown;  
 Leaf-time, brief-time, make it all your own.  
 Berry-time and cherry-time, songs of bird and bee;  
 But of all the gay times, apple-time for me!  
 Wheat-time, sweet-time in the closing year;  
 Sheaf-time, leaf-time now will disappear.  
 Yellow-ones and mellow ones, dropping from the tree;  
 Rusty-coats and pippins, apple-time for me!

—George Cooper.

### Child Life in Mexico.

**C**OME with me on a journey to the warm, sunny south land of Mexico. As we walk along the streets, and in the parks of the cities, you will see some children beautifully dressed, carrying elegant French dolls, riding expensive bicycles, or playing with other costly toys. But see how many more of the children are in rags, their feet bare, faces and hands dirty, hair unkempt, and so hungry that they will run to pick up any piece of bread or bit of fruit that is thrown in the street. It is with these children of the poor I wish to make you acquainted to-day.

Let us visit them in their homes. Be careful where you step, for there is much mud and dirt! What smells! they almost make one sick! Look into that doorway. You see a small yard, where pigs, chickens, cats, dogs, and babies are rolling in the filth. Each of the rooms you see opening into the yard is the home of a separate family. The floors are of beaten earth, and nearly always damp. There is little or no furniture. A straw mat serves as bed, and a roll of old rags for pillow, and at night all the members of the family sleep, huddled together, in the same clothes worn during the day. Their pet animals sleep in the same room with the rest, and the doors are closed tight. The wonder is that they do not all die of suffocation before morning.

At meal time they squat on the ground around the little charcoal fire, and eat out of the two or three dishes in which the food has been cooked.

On the straw mat, among some rags, is lying a baby, only a few months old. How dirty! It looks as though its face had not been washed for days—perhaps it never had a bath. Its clothes are just pieces of old cloth or

calico—a little shirt, a calico waist, and perhaps an old apron wrapped about its legs; no pretty long flannel skirt to keep baby warm, not even a piece of blanket for covering, poor little thing!

In some houses I have seen the baby swinging in what is called a hammock. This consists of a frame made of four boards fastened together at the corners, to the bottom of which is loosely nailed a piece of strong cloth, which is allowed to sag slightly in the middle. Short ropes are tied to the four corners, meeting about two feet above the centre, where they are all fastened to a long rope, which is attached to the rafters overhead. Often the smallest child in the family is seen swinging in this boxlike cradle.

On the street the women generally carry their babies strapped tight to the back in the folds of their long rebozo; the little head and legs bob up and down till I have often wondered that they did not come off. Sometimes baby is tied with equal tightness to the mother's breast, thus leaving the hands free for other work.

The children early learn to creep, and get into everything. They are taught to walk so soon that many become bowlegged or even lame. Babies are allowed to eat everything—beans, tortillas dipped in chilli sauce, fruit that is green or overripe, and even *pulque* is given them. When I think of these children of the poor, their insufficient clothing, improper food, and the filth in which they live, not to mention the ignorance of their mothers, my wonder is, not that so many thousands of them die in infancy, but that any live and grow to maturity.

Not long ago, in the market place, I saw a woman sitting on the ground, with a pile of fresh vegetables to sell. Beside her sat a mite of a child not a year old. It had a ragged handkerchief tied about its head, while a little shirt that came only to its knees and a calico waist were all it had on, though the morning was cold and frosty. I watched the baby a minute—it had only three or four teeth, and was nibbling a crust of bread. Suddenly it grabbed a little earthen pitcher, and began to drink. "What is the baby drinking?" I asked the mother. "Coffee and sugar," she replied. I peeped into the pitcher; there was no milk in the coffee, which looked black and strong, but baby seemed to like it. I have seen that same child suck an onion as though it were sugar candy, and eat raw carrots.

Even quite small children have to work. One day I

see a woman carrying a big basket on her back. It must have been heavy, as she had to grasp it with both hands, and so could not lead her child, a little girl only two years old, who trudged by her side, also carrying a bundle on her little back. "Mamma, mamma, I am tired; it is so heavy," she was saying. "Yes, but hurry, and we will soon be there," replied the mother, and on they went.

Children of seven or eight have to take care of their younger brothers and sisters. Even those not more than five or six will be seen carrying babies so heavy that they can barely stagger along under the burden.

The girls in the home have to grind the corn for *tortillas* (corn cakes), carry water, and help in other ways. The boys have also their tasks, which, however, they shirk as often as possible, and waste their time in gambling, which they seem to like better than anything else.

In many parts of the country there are no schools, and the children grow up without learning how to read and write, but they soon learn how to lie and steal, and to consider it more honorable to beg than to work, to be lazy and dirty, and to drink *pulque*, which makes them drunk and stupid. As a rule, they are not very obedient to their parent—or to any one else, for that matter. They often quarrel among themselves, and seem to be always trying to do all the harm or mischief they can to others. But, there are some among these children of the poor who are kind, patient, happy, loving little "helpers," just such as we find in other lands.

What do they play? Boys have marbles and tops, and the "cup and ball," similar to that played by the little Eskimos, only the Mexican way seems simpler. The ball is attached by a string, and the boys try to throw it so as to catch it on either the point or cup end of the stick. Mimic bull-fighting is a great amusement. One boy acts as "bull," the others wave red handkerchiefs or blankets before the "bull" to anger him, then he darts one way or another to catch his tormentors. On the ranches lassoing is a great sport. Little boys of four begin by catching the cat or dog with a rope that has a long, open slip-knot. Tabby starts to run, but the boy throws the rope, and pussy is fast by the leg or neck. Chickens, goats, calves, and colts afford the boys plenty of opportunities for practice, so it is no wonder that the Mexicans become so skillful with the lariat. The girls play house and doll as do little girls the world over.

One day I saw some people coming up the street. First there was a boy about fourteen years old, carrying on his head a long, narrow pine box, painted blue, with white stripes and crosses. Two men followed the boy, and after them came another man, carrying on his head a table covered with a white cloth and strewn with flowers. On the table lay the body of a little girl about seven years old, dressed in white, a wreath of flowers on her head, and a bouquet in her hand. Last came two women and a girl. Can you guess where they were going? To the cemetery. The little girl was dead, and they preferred to carry her that way. At the cemetery the body would be put into the coffin, and the flowers strewn over the grave. That custom is not so common now as it used to be, but can be seen in

some places still. Sometimes *cohetes* (or rockets) are fired off on the way to the cemetery—for what reason it would be hard to tell, unless it be to frighten away evil spirits.

Mexico is a strange land, and many are its lights and shadows. To us it seems as though the American boy and girl have a more joyous existence—far more for which to be thankful than they ever dream of. There is more real sunshine in their lives than can be found anywhere under the sunny skies of this fair southland.—W. J. Brown, in *Sunday School Times*.

### At Home in Mexico.

YOU can have no idea, unless you could see it, how very poor the poor people of Mexico are. They live in miserable huts built of mud and straw, or of the stalks of the banana plant. There is a great opening at one side, left for the smoke to go out. The floor is of dirt, and in one corner are spread the straw mats on which the family sleep, and the ragged blanket or so with which they cover. One-half the people in Mexico never slept on a bed in their lives—that is, a bed raised above the floor.

There are no tables or chairs in these houses of the very poor. The cooking is done on stones, and the corn from which the *tortillas* (dry corn cakes) are made, is crushed between stones. When these cakes become stale, they harden and curl up. The children then use them for spoons with which to eat their soup, for there are no knives, forks, or spoons in these poor huts of Mexico.

The people earn what little they can by selling fruits and vegetables. Some burn charcoal, and carry it a long distance on their backs to market. Many of them beg. They are forced to do it or starve. Wages are so cheap in Mexico, that, even with hard work, the most of them earn only about twenty-five or thirty cents a day.

Mothers in Mexico carry their babies in shawls at their backs. I have seen mothers coming into market with their wares on their heads and their babies at their backs. The little girls learn to carry their baby brothers and sisters, and will sometimes engage in romping games with them tightly tied in their shawls.

### A Busy Worker.

WE are glad to print the following letter from the son of our teacher, Mrs. L. G. Barrett:

DEAR MRS. REYNOLDS: Please find enclosed a check for \$1.50 missionary money. It is money that I earned myself from chickens and other things. I don't know Miss Davis, so I send it to you.

We are going to the beach to-morrow. I don't think of anything else to say, so I will close.

Yours respectfully,

HERBERT L. BARRETT.

Danielson, Conn., July 28, 1898.

IN 15 per cent. of the marriages in Mexico, the female is between the age of twelve and fourteen years.